

children, even though it does not impart any useful knowledge or convey any important lesson. God Himself has formed this world full not only of useful things, but of things that are beautiful and which, so far as we can tell, answer no other end than this, that they are lovely to gaze upon, or sweet to smell, and that they give pleasure to man. Your special business, however, when a child is ill is to give it pleasure, such pleasure as it can partake of; and in exact proportion as you can succeed in this will you in many instances promote the child's recovery."

From the foregoing it will readily be seen that the book will sell as a curiosity in nursing literature rather than for the claims of its title. One wonders that the new edition should be sent out without any suggestion of its value for purposes of comparison between the past and the present. Nevertheless one loves the good old doctor and recognizes through the whole book a distinct effort to help these women as women, as well as trying to get them to the point of being of use to himself.

PARCIMONY IN NUTRITION. By Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. 12mo cloth, 75 cents net. Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York.

It is not to be wondered at that the present fad for frugality in nutrition should raise a protest and it seems particularly appropriate that a particularly strenuous protest should be heard from England, where for generations they have called the army and navy to the mess with the tune "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England! and oh, the old English Roast Beef." The writer complains that one-half the world is possessed by a terrible fear of growing fat, and that this half is confronted by the other half wildly fighting a wasting leanness. Naturally, Sir James, being a Britisher, sides with the under dog. The luxurious indulgence of the rich which causes them to moan on the weighing machine and to whisper to each other of the latest antifat remedy does not stir his heart to pity except for the money which goes to waste. His concern is for those, who, under this cry against too much food, are liable to have too little. Statistical and experimental studies, and careful laboratory tests, point to a prevalence of excess in feeding which Sir James Crichton-Browne is prepared to combat to the last ditch. There is a good deal to be said for his contention that all that great body who are in one way or another wards of the public—the prisoners, the inmates of charitable institutions, as well as the army—need no reduction of the dietetic scale.

He complains that the standards of Voit of Munich, and Atwater of the United States, which have been very generally accepted by the world

as the minimum of what is necessary for the maintenance of health and strength (the Voil standard allows the average working man 118 grammes of proteid food, 56 grammes of fat, 500 grammes of carbohydrates; with a total value of 3055 calories, increasing under hard labor to 3370 calories per day. Atwater's standard for a man, doing moderate work, calls for 125 grammes of proteid food with sufficient fat and carbohydrate to equal 3500 calories) are being endangered by a new dietetic philosophy which has arisen in America; he calls it an American doctrine and accuses as arch heretics two exponents, namely, Mr. Horace Fletcher and Professor Chittenden, of Yale. Mr. Fletcher, the prophet of mastication, he regards as, on the whole, a harmless fakir, Professor Chittenden as a dangerous foe. Of the former he speaks rather with amiable toleration, as one whose rise and fall is discernible in a day, noting him an enthusiast loudly hailed by enthusiasts, and quoting in particular the panegyric of Dr. Kellogg of Battle Creek, who writes: "You are certainly promoting the most important hygienic reform which has been brought forward in modern times; you deserve the gratitude of the world." "We are chewing hard at Battle Creek, chewing more every day." "We have gotten up a little chewing song, which we sing to the patients. The idea of munching parties is a good one. . . ." "A quartette sang the chewing song just before my lecture in the parlor last evening." "I read some of your notes to my colleagues, and they were so much affected that tears came into our eyes."

Professor Chittenden is dealt with as a much more serious foe, the remainder of the book, five chapters out of a book of six, being employed in adducing evidence from the world's history to prove that the highest civilization and the greatest achievement has gone hand in hand with a generous and varied diet. Sir James fears that Professor Chittenden's work will arouse more cupidity than economy. He sees that the class who need to economize are already in danger of overdoing in this direction and advises teaching the selection and preparation of food that will ensure the proper amount of proteid; not instructing the poor on the art of existing on an attenuated fare, which starves them of every virtue except life itself. He touches on the danger of increasing disease of the nerves or tuberculosis by lowering the standard of diet and the reviewer is reminded of the saying of an old professor of medicine now long since gone to his rest: "Nature can dispose of a surplus but she can't make up a deficiency." The tendency of the times to a more and more strenuous life certainly does not seem to call for a reduction of the present standards of living, and we may hope that while public interest remains in its present wide-awake condition we may look for better things, rather than changes for the worse.